AN
INVOCATION
OF
HEALTH.
A
POEM.

By Mr. *HENRY BAKER.*

Virgin celestial! to the Poet's Vows
Thine Ear incline, consenting ———

LONDON:

Printed for the Author; And Sold by *J. Parker* in *Pall-Mall*; *J. Woodman* next *Will's* Coffee-house, *Covent-Garden*; *A. Dodd* at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*; and *S. Nut* at the *Royal Exchange.* 1723.

AN

INVOCATION

OF

MELANTH

A

PROEM.

By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

Virgin celestial! to the Poet's Eyes
Thou dost the useless, confounding

LONDON:

Printed for the Author: And Sold by T. Parker in Pall-Mall; J. Woodman near Inner Temple-Gate, Coffee-Houfe, Covent-Garden; M. Dodd at the Peacock without Temple-Bar; and S. Nutt at the Royal Exchange. 1732.

A N

Invocation of Health.

HEALTH! Good Supreme! Offspring of
Heaven! divine,
Ineſtimable Prize! whoſe Loſs, nor *Power*
Diſtinguiſht *Rank*, nor *Riches*, can ſupply:
Thee vainly wiſhing for, on downy Couch,
(Now Couch of Thorns) in agonizing Pain,
The tortur'd Great Man lies: one Smile from Thee,
Not Mines of Gold, not *India*'s Wealth can buy.

But, kindly humble! to the lab'ring *Hind*
(Whoſe daily Task perform'd, on ſome clean Straw,
Ruſhes, or Flocks, in balmy Slumbers lyes)
Thou giveſt all thy Bleſſings: Him, ſecure
From Pains and Aches, guardeſt: When the Morn
With roſy Bluſhes calls him, freſh and ſtrong
He haſtens to the Field, Thou to the Field
Attend'ſt Him through the Labours of the Day.

Thou

Thou, not in Palaces, where dainty Cates
Are variouſly compounded, to ſtir up
Cloy'd Appetite; not where the jovial Bowl
Moves briskly round, in ſmiling Circles round
Swift Time unheeded moves, where am'rous *Play*,
And wanton *Dalliance* fill the luſtful Hours:
But, Thou reſideſt in ſome lowly *Cot*,
Where humble Food, the *Raſher* from the Coals,
Sav'ry Repaſt! on homely Luncheon cut,
Affords delicious Banquet: not *Ragoût*,
Or *Fricaſſy*, or Second-Courſe to cloy
The *Stomach* fill'd before; but from the *Churn*,
Butter, or *Cheeſe*, compleats the wholeſom Meal.
Salubrious Draughts from the chriſtaline Spring
Are quaff'd delightſome: or when ſome great Day,
High Feſtival! uncommon Mirth demands,
Champaign, nor *Burgundy*, but much more worth
Than *Burgund'* or *Champaign*, nectareous Juice!
Cyder yclep'd, ſung by celeſtial Bard
In Lines immortal. O celeſtial *Bard*!
Might but theſe Lines immortal be like Thine!

Lovely *Hygeia*! on whoſe ruddy Cheek
A Bloom eternal glows, ſurpaſſing That
With which *Aurora* paints the Crimſon Morn:
Vouchſafe thy Preſence! nor yet leave behind

Thou

Thy

Thy fair Companions, ſprightly *Exerciſe*,
Smiling *Good-Nature*, hearty *Chearfulneſs*,
Chaſt *Temperance*, and ever bleſt *Content*.

Diſeaſe (thine Oppoſite) her ſable Wings
Expands, wide over-ſhadowing; all beneath,
Diſtreſsful *Sorrow*, Heart-tormenting *Care*,
Horror, and *Pain*, ſhrill *Shrieks*, and moanful *Groans*,
Blend dreadfully promiſcuous: a dire *Train*
Attends her Steps, unwearied. *Monſter* huge!
Whole Nations over-ſtriding, ſtalks along
Contagion, firſt: her baleful Eyes around
Rolling tremendous, whereſoe'er ſhe comes
Sad *Deſolation* reigns, her every Breath
Lays Regions waſte, ten thouſand dying Groans
From her each Step reſound: grim *Death* and She
March Hand in Hand, with Slaughter unſuffic'd.

Next, in the Train, ſwift *Febris* urges on,
Impetuous, her Eye-Balls glowing red.
As from ſome Furnace, her ſcorcht Throat emits
Unſufferable Heat, along her Veins
The hiſſing Torrent boils: not Oceans drunk
Her Thirſt can ſlake, or quench her inward Fire.

Cloſe by her Side, ſtalks on in ſullen State,
Her Face with Scars unſeemly furrow'd o'er,

Bright *Beauty*'s Foe, malignant: wildly deaf
To *Lover's* Sighs, and blooming *Virgins* Tears.

Stretcht far behind, innumerable Bands
Dreadful move on, ſworn Foes to *Human Race*;
Marſhal'd by *Chiefs* of terrible Renown.
Hydrops unweildy, dragging on with Toil
A Bulk enormous: *Jaundice* yellow-ey'd,
Slothful, reluctant moving: racking *Stone*,
With Pain exceſſive, unſupportable,
Loud ſhrieking: ſolemn, with a lordly Port,
Gout pitileſs Tormenter of the Great:
And *Rheumatiſm* full of aking Woe.

Unbrac'd her Nerves, or to ſupport or guide
Her ſhaking Limbs unable, totters on
Palſy half-dead: Diſſolving all away,
Moiſt *Diabetes*; each an Urinal
Inceſſant uſing, leads her dripping Train.

Lepra obſcene, o'erſpread with running Sores,
Emitting baleful Stench: nor leſs obſcene,
That *Monſter* horrible, begot long ſince
By *Luſt* on wanton *Dalliance*, ſhameful Birth!

Ten thouſand Forms aſſuming, *Proteus Spleen*
Her motly Troop conducts, with hideous Yell

Their

Their Shape each Moment changing, Monſters dire!
Centaurs, *Chimeras*, *Gorgons*, *Fairies*, *Sprights*,
Inflicting curſt Variety of Woe.

Cloſe at her Heels comes raving *Lunacy*,
Foaming at Mouth, her Eye-balls wildly ſtare.
Her Teeth ſhe grinds, and ſtamping ſhakes the Ground;
Her Arms around ſhe flings, and to the Skies
Bellows loud Threats and Execrations dire.

Conſumption, laſt, a meager Skeleton,
Tall, haggard, pale; deep in their Sockets ſunk
Her Eye-balls dimly roll, extinct their Fire.
Slowly ſhe moves her feeble *Coarſe* along,
Whilſt ratling Coughs eternal heave her Breaſt,
Her Entrails piece-meal rending: moanful Sighs
Fly round her numberleſs, her Arms ſhe folds
Inly complaining, melancholy *Grief*,
Afflicting *Anguiſh*, Hell-begot *Deſpair*,
Brood in her Heart, and grind her very Soul.

Theſe, and ten thouſand more, Mankind's curſt Foes!
Hourly intent their vital Thread to cut
By *Guile*, or open *Violence*, circle round
Unthinking *Mortals*; watch their every Step,
Inſidious, and ruſh upon the Prey.

But, Thou! O *Health* divine! whoſe ſacred Look,
Makes *Death* reluctant fly, before whoſe Face
Her grim Attendants recreant ſcud away!
Be *Thou* the *Poet*'s Guard! *Fortune* adverſe
Hath prov'd unkind, but be *Thou* not unkind,
Nor adverſe prove! conduct *Him* through Life's Courſe
With thy ſafe-guiding Arm! grant *Him* ſerene
And quiet Days, no Sickneſs diſcompoſe
His thoughtful Soul; nor fancied *Ills* nor real
Suſpend his humble *Strains*, deſign'd to chace
Heart-gnawing *Care*, and lighten *human Woe*!

F I N I S.